ings, Sherman said: "Well, that Christian soldier business is all right in its place. But he needn't put on airs when we are among ourselves."

A few weeks later, when the Knoxville campaign was over, Sherman addressed a letter to Howard thanking him, most deservedly, for the excellent services rendered by him on that expedition, and praising him as " one who mingled so gracefully and perfectly the polished Christian gentleman and the prompt, zealous, and gallant soldier." When I read this, I remembered the scene I have just described, and imagined I saw a little twinkle in Sherman's eye.

On December 5th, not many miles from Knoxville, we were informed that Longstreet had not waited for the arrival of our forces of relief, but eiFected his retreat toward Virginia. Thus our expedition had accomplished its purpose. It was a victory achieved by the soldiers[5] legs. We were allowed a day's rest, and then started on our way back, the same 120 miles and a little more, to our old camp in Lookout Valley. We could march more leisurely, but the return seemed harder than the advance had been. There was not the same spirit in it. Our regular food supplies were entirely exhausted. We had " to live upon the country." We impressed what live stock we could, which was by no means always sufficient. The surrounding population, Union people, were friendly, but poor. Roasted wheat and corn had to serve for coif ee,

molasses found on the farms, for sugar. But far worse than this, the clothing of the men was in tatters, the shoes worn and full of holes. Perhaps one-fourth of the men had none at all. They protected their feet by winding rags around them. Their miseries were increased by occurrences like this: One day our march was unusually difficult. We passed through a hilly country. The roads were in many places like dry, washed-out beds of moun-